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THE OSTRICHES AT THE ZOO.

By FRANK E. BEDDARD, M.A.

At the moment of writing, all the different kinds of Struthious or Ostrich-like birds may be seen at the Zoological Gardens. It is not often, if indeed it has ever happened, that *all* these wingless birds are on view at once. Unfortunately, the exigencies of space forbid their being placed close together. If this could be arranged, they would form collectively one of the most striking exhibits in the whole Gardens. These birds live very well in confinement; and if visitors do not supply them with too liberal offerings of copper coins, to satisfy themselves of the truth of certain stories, there is no reason to prevent their living a good many years.

The reputation which, unluckily for the Zoological Society, the ostrich has of leaning towards pennies as an article of diet, has on more than one occasion led to the death of a valuable bird. From the stomach of one ostrich exactly fourteenpence-halfpenny was extracted. It is not surprising to learn that the creature died with symptoms of copper-poisoning. The real explanation of the alleged omnivorous tastes of these birds is the fact that they are obliged to pick up stones for their gizzard to help them in grinding their food. In civilised countries, other objects are frequently mingled with the pebbles; hence the very varied assortment of articles that are met with in their interior.

The ostrich itself is only represented by a single specimen; this is, however, somewhat of a rarity; it is not the common form, but the Somaliland species. This bird has never before been exhibited alive. Perhaps it is not altogether a misfortune for the ostrich that it has to lead a solitary life. Among ostriches, marriage does not always appear to be a success—at least among ostriches in confinement. When the Zoological Gardens were first opened, more than sixty years ago, there was a fine pair of the common form. The male bird had got a twist in the neck, owing, it was

believed, to a previous attempt at swallowing something too hard or too bulky even for an ostrich. His mate, instead of showing sympathy with him in his misfortune, persecuted and worried him to such an extent, that ultimately a judicial separation was decreed; the husband was literally henpecked. This incident does not seem altogether to fit in with the fact that the ostrich is often, if not as a rule, a polygamist. Perhaps, however, the male bird finds safety in numbers, and has taken to heart the saying, 'Divide et impera.' The traveller Levallant, whose veracity, it must be admitted, was not always on a par with his ability as a naturalist, distinctly allows that the bird may be polygamous. He also said, and this has been often confirmed, that the male takes a fair share of the duty of sitting upon the eggs.

In most birds, this is of course left to the hens. The ostrich is, however, by no means singular in this domestic habit; the Cassowaries and the Emus also relieve the laborious duties of their spouses. The cassowary is represented in the Gardens by several examples; this bird indeed is always well represented at the Zoo. The most curious points that strike the observer about the cassowary are the long spines upon the wings, and the bright colours—red and blue—on the neck. All the Struthious birds, without exception, have lost the art of flying; their wings have dwindled to tiny appendages, which cannot always be seen without a careful search. And yet the bones of the wing are there, and just as complete, except in point of size, as in the Frigate-bird, which represents the 'triumph of the wing.' The feathers of the wings have shrunk also in correspondence with the loss of flying power, but in various ways: in the ostrich, the rhea, the emu, and the apteryx, they have simply got smaller and smaller; in the cassowary they have not got smaller, but the branches of the strong feathers of the wing—the barbs, as they are called—have vanished, leaving behind only the quill. These quills are strong and sharp: useless to perform their original function,

they have become converted into organs of offence and defence; the cassowary makes use of them in fighting. We often find instances of this kind in the animal world; Nature is a great economist; when an organ, which was originally created for one purpose, has lost its usefulness, it is often—so to speak—patched up and altered to do duty in quite a different way.

The brilliant hues about the throat of these birds are very remarkable. The cassowary is so exceedingly sombre in its colouring—black or brown, brown when young—as to suggest that it reaps the reward of its scorn of a more brilliant dress, by remaining invisible to its foes in the darkness of its native forests. The structure of the cassowary—the wings particularly—proves incontestably that it is descended from a flying bird; possibly, therefore, the gaudy tints on the throat are the last reminiscence of former days when it was clad in more glorious apparel, like many tropical birds. On the other hand, the different species of cassowary, of which there are a dozen or so, present certain recognisable variation in the colours and wattles upon the neck; these differences not only enable zoologists to distinguish the kinds from each other; they may also permit the species to recognise each other, and so prevent infertile crossing. This is perhaps an illustration of a principle which, Mr Wallace thinks, is very general in nature: the existence of 'recognition marks,' which prevent an animal from making overtures to an unsuitable mate. The only objection to this is, that it endows the cassowary—a bird decidedly not remarkable for the brightness of its intellect—with powers of observation certainly not possessed by the average visitor to the Zoo, and even enviable by some naturalists.

If the cassowaries were provided with a larger pool of water, we might have a chance of verifying the truth or the reverse of a slightly incredible story which has been told about them. An Australian traveller happened to observe a cassowary from the opposite side of a 'creek,' with a view, no doubt, to ultimately getting a shot at it. The bird presently stepped into the water, and squatted down for a few minutes. This of itself was an unusual proceeding for so purely a land-fowl—Cursores, or runners, was the name given to this group by some of the earlier naturalists; but the sequel is stranger still. After quietly staying in the water for some moments, the bird stood up, and walked out on to the bank. Arrived there, it shook its wings, when out dropped a multitude of tiny fishes. These it proceeded to pick up and to eat. The idea is that the fishes mistook the stringy feathers of the bird for weeds; and only discovered their mistake when too late. It is necessary, however, to assume, whether there is evidence or not, that the cassowary can, on an emergency at any rate, take to the water. Cassowaries are found in some of the islands lying to the north of the Australian Continent. Now, these islands are, many of them, divided from the mainland by such deep channels that it is unlikely that they were ever connected. Besides, they are in great part or entirely volcanic in origin; so that there could not have been a bridge to allow the cassowaries to walk at their ease from one to the other. At one time or

another, therefore, these flightless birds must have voluntarily set out for a swim, and left their native shores. We cannot think that the separation took place before they had lost the power of flight, because in that case there would be greater differences between the species than there are. Isolation for such countless generations would have left its mark.

Close to the cassowaries are several examples of the New Zealand Apteryx. These birds, which are the representatives of the great extinct Moas, are next to them the most thoroughly degenerate of all the Struthious birds. Their wings are so tiny as to be quite hidden by the covering of feathers; and they have no counterbalancing advantages, such as size or strength. How they have managed to drag on an existence with such an unpromising equipment for the battle of life, would be a mystery if they inhabited any other country than New Zealand. New Zealand, however, is an excellent place for an unprotected creature of this kind to dwell in. Beyond a harmless bat or two, and perhaps a rat, there are no Mammals of any sort; the apteryx, therefore, has not to maintain an unequal contest with fierce carnivorous beasts, and attempt to dispute with them the right of existence. It has thus been able to lead a comparatively peaceful life, occasionally, perhaps, rendered exciting by a battle with an unusually large owl. The apteryxes at the Zoo are not often visible, by reason of their nocturnal habits. Only when the evening is well advanced do they issue forth, and commence their main business in life, which is to get as many earthworms as possible. Their long, soft, and sensitive bills enable them to probe deep into the soil in quest of their prey. A story was at one time current about the apteryx which fitted in with its antipodean habitat, where everything is supposed to be topsy-turvy. The bird, it was said, constructed a nest with a cavity below, into which it crept, and incubated the eggs from below instead of from above. But some apteryxes which constructed a nest at the Zoological Gardens effectually disproved this extraordinary tale.

The most graceful by far of all the Ostrich tribe is the American Rhea; and it is the least degraded of the lot; not, it should be explained, in manners and customs, but in structure. It is nearer to the flying ancestor than any of the others. The rhea is undoubtedly the most elegant of the Struthious birds in appearance; it is lightly built, of a pleasing gray colour, and graceful in its movements. The rhea is confined to South America, and inhabits the grassy pampas. In spite of its size and the bare character of the country which it prefers, the rhea is not at all a conspicuous bird. Mr Graham Kerr, who accompanied the ill-fated 'Pilcomayo Expedition,' told the Zoological Society a few weeks since of his experiences in hunting the American ostrich. The Indians who were with him without any apparent reason spread themselves out into a circle, intimating that one of these birds was in the midst of them; but it was not until the bird gave unequivocal signs of its presence by a movement that it was detected. Crouching down upon the ground, the grayish-brown feathers suggest a tuft of withered grass. If this is approached, the long neck and hissing head are

protruded, which possibly remind the assailant of a snake, or at least cause an involuntary recoil, during which the ostrich hastily takes its departure.

The last kind of ostrich-like bird is the Emu. This bird is literally a ventriloquist; for its long windpipe has a sac attached to it, which aids in the peculiar drumming sound which it makes. The emu, however, unlike the cicada, cannot be regarded as happy, through having a voiceless wife. The hen-bird no less than the cock makes the drumming sound, which is so difficult to localise. But the note is rather different in the two sexes; it is a sharper, more rattling sound in the male bird.

There are always examples of these birds at the Zoo; for they are particularly hardy. A few years since there was one in the Deer Park of Magdalen College, Oxford. Though a young bird, it could hold its own in the most satisfactory fashion with the largest and fiercest of the stags, who always gave it a wide berth. The emu agrees with the cassowaries in producing a dark-green egg; and it has the same development of bright-coloured patches about the neck. The ostrich, rhea, and apteryx lay a whitish egg.

THE IVORY GATE.*

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XVI.—WHO IS EDMUND GRAY?

ATHELSTAN laughed on the first hearing of the thing—it was on the Tuesday evening, the day after the discovery, and George was dining with him. He laughed both loud and long and with some of the old bitterness. 'So the notes were in the safe all along, were they? Who put them there? "I," says old Checkley, "with my pretty fingers—I put them there."'

'As soon as this other business is over, the Chief must tell your mother, Athelstan. It ought to come from her. I shall say nothing to Elsie just yet. She shall learn that you are home again, and that your name is clear again, at the same moment.'

'I confess that I should be pleased to make them all confess that their suspicions were hasty and unfounded. At the same time, I did wrong to go away; I ought to have stuck to my post. As for this other business, one thinks with something like satisfaction of the wise old lawyer losing forty thousand pounds. It made him sit up, did it? For such a man to sit up indicates the presence of deep emotion. Lost forty thousand pounds! And he who holds so strongly to the sanctity of Property! Forty thousand pounds!'

'Well; but we shall recover the certificates, or get new ones in their place.'

'I suppose so. Shares can't be lost or stolen, really—can they? Meantime, there may be difficulty, and you must try to find the forger. Has it yet occurred to you that Checkley is the only man who has had control of the letters and access at all times to the office?'

'It has.'

'Checkley is not exactly a fox: he is a jackal:

therefore he does somebody's dirty work for him at a wage. That is the way with the jackal, you know. Eight years ago he tried to make a little pile by a little forgery—he did not commit the forgery, I am sure—but he did the jackal; only he forgot that notes are numbered: so when he remembered that, he put them back. Now, his friend the forger, who is no doubt a begging-letter writer, has devised an elaborate scheme for getting hold of shares—ignorant that they are of no value.'

'Well, he has drawn the dividends for four months.'

'That is something, you see; but he hoped to get hold of thirty-eight thousand pounds. It is the same hand at work, you infer from the writing. You are quite sure of that?'

'There can be no doubt of it. How could two different hands present exactly the same curious singularities?'

'And all the letters, cheques, and transfers for the same person. What is his name?'

'One Edmund Gray, resident at 22 South Square, Gray's Inn.'

'No. 22? Oh! that is where Freddy Carstone lives. Do you know anything about the *nommé* Edmund Gray?'

'I have been in search of information about him. He is described by the landlord of the rooms and by his laundress as an elderly gentleman.'

'Elderly. Checkley is elderly.'

'Yes, I thought of Checkley, of course. But somehow the indications don't fit. My informants speak of a gentleman. Nobody at his kindest and most benevolent mood could possibly call Checkley a gentleman.'

'The word gentleman,' said Athelstan, 'is elastic. It stretches with the employer or the consumer of it. It is like the word truth to a politician. It varies from man to man. You cannot lay down any definition of the word gentleman.—Do you know nothing more about him?'

'A little. He has held this set of Chambers for nine years, and he pays his rent regularly before the day it falls due. Also I called upon him the other day when his laundress was at work and wrote a note to him at his table. The room is full of Socialist books and pamphlets. He is therefore, presumably, a Socialist leader.'

'I know all their leaders,' said Athelstan the Journalist. 'I've made the acquaintance of most for business purposes. I've had to read up the Socialist Literature and to make the acquaintance of their chiefs. There is no Edmund Gray among them.—Stay—there is a Socialist letter in the *Times* of to-day—surely—Waiter—they were dining at the club where Athelstan was a temporary member—'let me have the *Times* of to-day.—Yes, I thought so. Here is a letter from the Socialist point of view, signed by Edmund Gray—and—and—yes—look here—it is most curious—with the same address—22 South Square—a long letter, in small print, and put in the supplement; but it's there.—See; signed Edmund Gray.—What do you think of that, for impudence in a forger?'

George read the letter through carefully. It was a whole column long; and it was in advocacy of Socialism pure and simple. One was surprised

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that the editor had allowed it to appear. Probably he was influenced by the tone of it, which was generous, cheerful, and optimistic. There was not the slightest ring of bitterness about it. 'We who look,' it said, 'for the coming disappearance of Property, not by violence and revolution, but by a rapid process of decay and wasting away, regard the present position of the holders of Property with the greatest satisfaction. Everywhere there are encouraging signs. Money which formerly obtained five per cent. now yields no more than half that rate. Shares which were formerly paying ten, twelve, and twenty per cent. are now falling steadily. Companies started every day in the despairing hope of the old great gains, fail and are wound up. Land, which the old wars forced up to an extraordinary value, has now sunk so enormously that many landlords have lost three-fourths and even more of their income. All those enterprises which require the employment of many hands—as docks, railways, printing-houses, manufactories of all kinds—are rapidly falling into the condition of being able to pay no dividend at all, because the pay of the men and the maintenance of the plant absorb all. When that point is reached, the whole capital—the millions—embarked in these enterprises will be lost for ever. The stock cannot be sold because it produces nothing: it has vanished. In other words, sir, what I desire to point out to your readers is that while they are discussing or denouncing Socialism, the one condition which makes Socialism possible and necessary is actually coming upon the world—namely, the destruction of capital. Why have not men in all ages combined to work for themselves? Because capital has prevented them. When there is no capital left to employ them, to bully them, to make laws against their combinations, or to bribe them, they will then have to work with and for themselves or starve. The thing will be forced upon them. Work will be a necessity for everybody: there will be no more a privileged class: all who work will be paid at equal rates for their work: those who refuse to work will be suffered to starve.'

The letter went on to give illustrations of the enormous losses in capital during the last fifteen years, when the shrinkage began. It concluded: 'For my own part, I confess that the prospect of the future fills me with satisfaction. No more young men idle, middle-aged men pampered, and old men looking back to a wasted life: nobody trying to save, because the future of the old, the widows, the children, the decayed, and the helpless, will be a charge upon the strong and the young—that is, upon the *juvenes*, the workers of the State. No more robbery: no more unproductive classes. Do not think that there will be no more men of science and of learning. These, too, will be considered workers. Or no more poets, dramatists, artists, novelists. These, too, will be considered workers. And do not fear the coming of that time. It is stealing upon us as surely, as certainly, as the decay of the powers in old age. Doubt not that when it comes we shall have become well prepared for it. Those of us who are old may lament that we shall not live to see the day when the last shred of property is cast into the common hoard. Those of us who are young have all the more reason to rejoice in their youth, because they may live to see the

Great Day of Humanity dawn at last.—EDMUND GRAY, 22 South Square, Gray's Inn.'

'You have read this?' asked George.

'Yes; I read it this morning before I knew the significance of the signature. Letter of a dreamer. He sees what might happen, and thinks that it will happen. Capital is too strong yet.'

'Is this the letter of a forger, a conspirator—a thief?'

'It does not strike me in that light. Yet many great thieves are most amiable in their private lives. There is no reason why this dreamer of dreams should not be also a forger and a thief. Still, the case would be remarkable, I admit.'

'Can there be two Edmund Grays—father and son?'

'Can there be a clerk to Edmund Gray, imprudently using his master's name, and ready to open any letter that may come? Consider—Clerk is a friend of old Checkley. Clerk invents the scheme. Checkley does his share. However, we can easily find out something more about the man, because my old friend, Freddy Carstone, has Chambers on the same floor. We will walk over after dinner, and if Freddy happens to be sober—he is about this time pleasantly, not stupidly, drunk, as a rule—he will tell us what he knows about his neighbour.'

'I ought to see Elsie this evening, but this is more important.'

'Much more. Send her a telegram.—Waiter, we will take coffee here. So. You have got the conduct of the case in your own hands. What has Checkley got?'

'Nothing. I believe he is jealous of me. I don't know why. But it does not matter what an old man like that thinks.'

'Even an old man can strike a match and light a fire. Checkley is a malignant old man. He is quite capable of charging you with the job. I wonder he hasn't done it by this time. Remember my case, old man.' Athelstan's face darkened at the recollection. 'Dirt sticks sometimes. Look at me. I am smirched all over.'

'His manner was very odd this morning—insolent and strange. He began to talk mysteriously of the ingratitude of the forger'—

'Why, he's actually going to do it! Don't you see—he means that you are the forger?'

'Oh! does he? Very well, Athelstan'—George finished his coffee and got up—'the sooner we find out this mystery of this Edmund Gray the better. Let us seek your tipsy Scholar.'

They walked from Piccadilly to Holborn, turning the thing over and making a dozen surmises. Edmund Gray, twins: Edmund Gray, father and son—father wanting to destroy property, a Socialist; son wanting to steal property, individualist: Edmund Gray cousins—one the mild philosopher, rejoicing in the decay of wealth; the other a bandit, robber, and conspirator: Edmund Gray, father and daughter—the young lady of the advanced type, who has not only thrown over her religion but her morals also: Edmund Gray, master and clerk: Edmund Gray under domination of a villain: there was in every situation a noble chance for the imagination. George showed a capacity unsuspected: he should have been a novelist. The hypothesis was always beautiful and admirable: but it wanted one thing

—*vraisemblance*: one felt, even while advancing and defending one, that it was impossible.

They turned into the Gateway of the Inn and walked down the passage into the Square. 'Look!' Athelstan caught his companion by the wrist. 'Who is that?'

'Checkley himself. He is coming out of No. 22.'

'Yes, out of 22. What is he doing there? Eh? What has he been doing there?'

It was Checkley. The old man walking feebly, with bent head, came out from the entrance of No. 22 and turned northward into Field Court. They waited, watching him, until he left the Square. 'What is he doing there?' asked George again. 'Come. Edmund Gray must be at home. Let us go up.'

They found the outer door shut. They knocked with their sticks: there was no answer.

'What was he doing here?' asked Athelstan.

The Scholar's door stood open. The Scholar himself was for once perfectly sober, and welcomed them joyously and boisterously.

'We are here on business, Freddy,' said Athelstan.

'You are here to sit and talk and drink whisky-and-soda till midnight, till two o'clock in the morning. It is not until two in the morning that you can get the full flavour of the Inn. It is like a college then, monastic, shut off from the world, peaceful'—

'Business first, then. You know your neighbour, Mr Edmund Gray?'

'Certainly. We exchange the compliments of the season and the news of the weather when we meet on the stairs. He has been in here, but not often. A man who drinks nothing is your true damper. That, believe me, and no other, was the veritable skeleton at the Feast.'

'Our business concerns your neighbour, Mr Edmund Gray. We want you to tell us what you know about him.'

'Go on, then. Question, and I will answer, if I can.'

'Does Mr Edmund Gray live at these Chambers?'

'No. He may sometimes sleep in them, but I should say not often. He calls at irregular intervals. Sometimes in the afternoon, sometimes in the morning, sometimes not for several weeks together. He is most uncertain.'

'Do many people call upon him?'

'No one ever calls upon him.'

'Does he keep clerks? Does he carry on an extensive correspondence?'

'I have never heard the postman knock at his door.'

'Has he a son or a brother or a partner or anything?'

'I don't know. He may have these hindrances, but they are not apparent.'

'What is his occupation or trade?'

'He is a Socialist. He is athirst for the destruction of property. Meantime, I believe, he lives on his own. Perhaps his will be spared to the end. He is an old gentleman of pleasant manners and of benevolent aspect. The old women beg of him: the children ask him the time: the people who have lost their way apply to him. He dreams all the time: he lives in a world impossible. Oh! quite impossible. Why, in a

world all Socialist, I myself should be impossible. They wouldn't have me. My old friend told me the other day that I should not be tolerated. They would kill me. All because I do no work—or next to none.'

George looked at Athelstan. 'We are farther off than ever,' he said.

'Mr Edmund Gray believes that the Kingdom of Heaven is a kind of hive where everybody has got to work with enormous zeal, and where nobody owns anything. Also he thinks that it is close at hand, which makes him a very happy old gentleman.'

'This can't be Checkley,' said George.

'It would seem not,' Athelstan replied. 'Did you ever see another old man up here—we saw him coming out just now—one Checkley, a lawyer's clerk?'

'No; not up here. There is an elderly person—a Party—of the name who uses the parlour of the *Salutation* where I myself sometimes—one must relax—Porson loved a tavern; so did Johnson—I myself, I say, sometimes forget that I used to belong to the Combination room, and sit with Checkley and his companions. But I do not think he is a friend of Mr Gray. As well call the Verger the friend of the Bishop. Mr Gray is a gentleman and a scholar; he is a man of generous instincts and culture. He could not be a friend of the man Checkley.'

'Yet we saw Checkley coming out of this very staircase.'

They talked of other things. They talked till midnight; when they came away the Scholar was at his best: one more glass—which he took after they left—would have turned the best into the worst.

'We are as far off as before,' said George.

'No—we are so much the nearer that we know who Edmund Gray is not. He is not Checkley. He has no clerks. He has no visitors. He comes seldom. George, this looks to me suspicious. We met Checkley stealing out of the door. Why does Edmund Gray keep these Chambers? No business done there: no letters brought there: no callers: the man does not live there. The Socialism may be—must be—a blind. Why does the man keep on these Chambers?'

Meantime at the *Salutation* the usual company was assembled. 'I fear,' said the barrister, 'that we shall not have our friend the Scholar here this evening. As I came down the stairs I saw him opening his door to two gentlemen—young gentlemen. He will display his wonted hospitality upon them this evening instead.' He sighed, and called for the glass of old and mild mixed, which was all he could afford. Had the Scholar been with them, certainly there would have been a nobler and a costlier glass. He took up the morning paper and began to read it.

The conversation went on slowly and with jerks. A dull conversation: a conversation of men without ideas: a day before yesterday conversation: the slow exchange of short, solid sentences taken from the paper, or overheard and adopted. We sometimes praise the old tavern life, and we regret the tavern talk. We need not: it was dull, gross, ignorant, and flat: it was commonplace and conventional: because it

was so dull, the men were fain to sing songs and to propose sentiments, and to drink more than was good for them. Why and when do men drink more than is good for them? First, when and because things are desperately dull: there is nothing to interest them: give them animation, thoughts, amusements, and they will not begin to drink. When they have begun, they will go on. When they have arrived at a certain stage, let them drink as fast as they can, and so get out of the way, because they will never mend, and they only cumber the earth. Here is, you see, a complete solution—a short solution—of the whole drink question. It will not be accepted, because people like a long solution—a three-column solution.

The barrister lifted his head. 'There is a letter here,' he said, interrupting the ex-M.P., who was clearing the way for what he called an argument by an introduction in the usual form. 'While on the one hand, gentlemen,' he was saying, 'I am free to confess'—

'There is a letter here,' he repeated in a louder voice. The barrister was now old, but he could still assume at times the masterful manner of counsel before the Court, 'which should be read. It is a letter on Socialism.'

'Ugh!' said the money-lender. 'Socialism! They want to destroy Property. Socialism! Don't tell me, sir.'

'It is a dream of what might be—a noble—a generous letter.' He looked round him. In their dull and fishy eyes there was no gleam or sparkle of response. 'I forgot,' he said; 'you cannot be interested in such a letter.—I beg your pardon, sir.' He bowed with great courtesy to the ex-M.P. 'I interrupted your valuable observations. We shall listen, I am sure, with—the—greatest'— He buried his head in the paper again.

The legislator began again. 'As I was a-saying, gentlemen, when I was interrupted, on the subject of education and the ratepayers, being a ratepayer myself, as we all are, and having our taxes to pay, which is the only advantage we ever get from being a ratepayer, while on the one hand I am free to confess'—

'Why!' the barrister interrupted once again, 'this letter is from a man on our staircase, No. 22'—Checkley started—'an acquaintance of mine, if I can call him so, and of our friend the Scholar. A very able man, now somewhat in years. By name Edmund Gray.'

'What?' said Checkley. 'Edmund Gray? You know Edmund Gray?'

'Certainly. I have known him this nine years. Ever since he has been in the Inn.'

'W-w-what sort of a man is he?' Checkley stammered in his eagerness.

'A very good sort of a man. Why do you ask?'

'I want to know—for his advantage—oh! yes—yes—for his own advantage.'

'Yes.' The barrister retreated to his paper. 'Oh yes,' he added. 'Quite so.'

'For his great personal advantage,' Checkley repeated.—'Robert, I think the gentleman would take a tumbler, if you will bring it—hot, Robert—strong—with lemon and sugar—a large rummer, Robert.'

The ancient barrister's head behind the paper was observed to tremble.

Robert returned with his rummer, the glass spoon tinkling an invitation. Dinner had been but a sorry affair that day—a stop-gap—insufficient in bulk; the tempted man felt a yearning that could not be resisted. He stretched out his hand and took the glass and tasted it. Then turning to Checkley.

'You have purchased my speech, sir. You were asking me about Mr Edmund Gray. What do you wish to know?'

'Everything—his business—his private life—anything.'

'As for his business, he has none: he is a gentleman living on his means—like myself; but his means are larger than my own: he has a residence elsewhere—I don't know where: he uses his Chambers but little: he has a collection of books there, and he keeps them for purposes of study.'

'Does he call there every day?'

'No. Only at irregular times. Sometimes not for many weeks together.'

'Has he got any friends?'

'I should say that he has no friends at all—at least none that come to the Inn. I have never heard or seen any one in his room. A quiet man. No slammer. An excellent man to have on the staircase. No trampler; doesn't tramp up and down like an elephant. Isn't brought home drunk.'

'What does he look like?'

'He is a man advanced in years—perhaps seventy—a good-looking man—very cheerful countenance: tall and well set up still—wears a long frock coat. And that I believe is all I know about him.'

'That's all you've got to tell me, is it?'

'That is all, Mr Checkley. Except that he has written a very remarkable letter to the *Times* of this morning.'

'Well, sir, if that is all, it isn't much for your rum-and-water, let me tell you.'

The barrister rose and poured the half-glass that remained into the cinders. 'Then let me drink no more than my information was worth,' he said; and at the sight of so much magnanimity the broad earth trembled and Mr Checkley sat aghast.

The ex-statesman cleared his throat and began again. 'After the third interruption, gentlemen, I may hope for a hearing. While, therefore, on the one hand'—

(To be continued.)

CAIRNGORM IN WINTER.

THE Caledonian 'Alps' afford ample scope for the exhilarating exercise of mountaineering during the summer months, and are not without charm to some during the winter season. Indeed, mountain excursions in mid-winter have now almost become fashionable, and the interest in Scottish hills is yearly increasing. For our New-year holidays of 1892 Cairngorm was resolved on, that popular mountain having, according to our programme, to be crossed from Nethy Bridge, in Speyside, to Brnemar, in Deeside. The weather was to be ignored, the arrangement being that, should the then prevalent snow-storm leave open

the railway route from Aberdeen to Nethy Bridge, the journey should be attempted.

As the train slowly made its way along the Spey from Craigellachie, the condition of the weather became a matter of no small interest to the little party of mountaineers who had equipped themselves for the occasion. For as darkness set in, fleecy flakes seemed at times to envelop the train, presaging soft snow on the mountains. When Nethy Bridge station was reached at 8.40 on the evening of the last day of 1891, Strathspey looked wintry enough, while the freshness of the weather bespoke a stiff day's work on the morrow. Our arrival seemed not altogether unexpected, a little crowd of villagers having assembled to discuss, among other things, our appearance and the probability of the success of our attempt. It was afterwards satisfactory to us to learn that we passed the scrutiny, the general remark being 'that fouk'll gang.' Our critics were men not given to unnecessary mountain-climbing in summer, and as for such feats in winter, they regarded them as a form of madness.

Dinner over, enjoyed as hillmen can, our plans were finally arranged, the alternative routes to Braemar, which the weather might necessitate, being carefully discussed. Tales of old battles with wind and snow, former ascents of the hills in the vicinity, and mountain-talk generally, drowned the death-moan of 1891, and swelled the birth-cry of 1892.

We had proposed starting at five A.M., but the vagaries of an alarm clock delayed us till seven. We contented ourselves with a biscuit and a tumbler of milk, being due for breakfast at the keeper's at Glenmore Lodge, at the upper end of Loch Morlich—the very base of Cairngorm. The weather was most unmistakably fresh, the snow being quite soft. Crossing the bridge over the Nethy, one could not avoid a look at the dark hurrying stream below, as the thought struck us, 'We have to trace you to your fountains ere our day's work is half done.' The forest of Abernethy entered, the snow became deeper, rendering walking proportionally difficult and slow. Forest Lodge passed, the road and the forest became more and more alike, sometimes undistinguishable. Wreaths were now numerous as Rynnetin—not yet awake to the New Year—was neared; and that house behind us, a virgin road lay before. Our upward climb temporarily ended at Rebhoan, snow-wreath rapidly succeeding snow-wreath. Rebhoan, always lonely, seemed then a very centre of desolation, the only living thing visible being a wretched rabbit that made haste to hide itself. Here we left Strath Nethy, entering Glen More by the gorge known as 'the thieves' pass.' The upper part of this glen is much admired for its picturesqueness in summer; in mid-winter we found it magnificent. On our left were the steep slopes and crags of the northern base of Cairngorm; on the right, Meall a' Bhuaichaille (the herd's hill), with its precipitous tree-clad side, where we observed a big herd of deer in search of food. It was not till after four hours' stiff steady walking that Glenmore Lodge was reached. A much shorter time under similar circumstances would have been sufficient to give a keen enough relish for breakfast. That meal over, the situation was considered anew. Noon approached; the weather was still

fresh, the almanac promised us no moon, and, judging from our rate of walking, the ascent of Cairngorm would consume the remaining hours of daylight. This would leave the more dangerous part of the journey to be traversed in darkness. The risk was deemed too great, and reluctantly it was decided to remain overnight at Glenmore Lodge. To put ourselves in better condition, we took a walk to Loch an Eilan—noted for the ospreys that nest in its ruined castle—some six miles distant. The route taken was by Aultdrue, the Luineag being crossed by the sluice where that stream leaves Loch Morlich.

As we returned from our twelve-mile walk—thus making about twenty-four through soft snow, not bad training for the morrow—we heard the bagpipes playing at Glenmore Lodge. They 'made melodie' for a little band of dancers, who footed it with that fervour which characterises Highlanders when stimulated by the 'skirl' of their favourite musical instrument. We were treated to an excellent Gaelic song; it numbered about forty verses, but fortunately the singer remembered only about three-fourths of them. As we retired to bed, we could hear the snow falling from the roof, but the drone of the pipes soon lulled us to sleep.

We left Glenmore Lodge at 8.45 on the morning of the 2d. The weather was still fresh; about a foot of snow lay in the glen, 'silent as solitude's self.' All was white save dark Loch Morlich and the firs of Rothiemurchus and Glen More. A beautiful sunset the previous afternoon had augured well, and we had little apprehension of anything more severe than a toilsome trudge of some two dozen miles. True, the summit of Cairngorm was not visible—two thousand feet appeared to be the upward limit of vision—but that gave us little thought, as it is only during a sharp clear frost that mountain views may be looked for in winter. From Glenmore Lodge—the last 'fire'-house on the Inverness-shire side of Cairngorm—a capital path leads halfway up the mountain, but then it was of doubtful utility, heaped up as it was with snow. The nearest house on the Aberdeenshire side of the range is Derry Lodge, a shooting-box of the Duke of Fife's in Mar Forest. The path keeps for some distance by the Allt Mor—the principal feeder of Loch Morlich—which is crossed twice, the second time by a pony-bridge at a height of about fourteen hundred feet, and there the ascent really begins. On our departure from the Lodge the aneroid marked 28'8, the height being about eleven hundred feet; an hour after it showed 28'275, the altitude being sixteen hundred feet with the thermometer at thirty-eight degrees. At this height the fierceness and persistence of the storm had swept the mountain ridge almost bare; it looked indeed as though some giant sweeper had applied his broom rather carelessly over the hillside. Walking was therefore comparatively easy here. It may be incidentally mentioned that Cairngorm is the easiest of ascent at all times of any of the mountain tops of the range to which it gives name. The view upwards had gradually narrowed to about a hundred yards; but northwards and Speywards the prospect was magnificently Alpine, the range on the left bank of the Spey, known as the Monadh Liath, standing out in bold relief. The group of

mountains in the vicinity of Kingussie attracted attention, their white mantle rendering them particularly noticeable. Their death-like pallor was a strong contrast to the beautiful rose-tints they displayed at the going down of the yesterday's sun.

Attention, however, had now to be concentrated on personal matters, for, ere the two thousand-foot line—temperature thirty-seven degrees—was reached we were knee-deep in snow, and a strong westerly wind had to be reckoned with. Blowing on our right cheek, it necessitated considerable exertion and watchfulness to preserve the proper angle of ascent. When a height of two thousand six hundred feet was attained the thermometer had fallen another degree, and the wind had grown to a hurricane, steadily forcing us to the left. The prospect now was almost blank, for nothing could be seen beyond a few yards' radius. Deep as was the snow generally, the hurricane had cleaned the more exposed portion of the ridge almost bare, the heather peeping through and the larger stones being quite visible. We reached a height of three thousand feet in two hours, the aneroid marking 26·8; but the thermometer was gone. Suspended at a shoulder-strap, it had fallen an unobserved prey to the tempest.

At this stage, less experienced but more prudent mountaineers would probably have considered the advisability of retreat; but we had only one thought—to reach the cairn that marks the summit. We had anticipated striking it directly, but we had not sufficiently allowed for the deflection which the wind had forced us to make to the eastward. The cairn was therefore unconsciously passed on the right, and the descent begun towards Loch Avon before our blunder became apparent. There is no mistaking the summit of Cairngorm; so, after a brief retracing of steps, the cairn loomed out through the mist, and was reached at 11.40, about three hours after leaving Loch Morlich. We had reckoned on requiring four hours or so. The aneroid was back to 25·4, and showed on the mountain scale four thousand four hundred feet, while the height of Cairngorm is only four thousand and eighty-four feet. The barometer, we afterwards calculated, had fallen no less than three-tenths of an inch during the last hour, apart from the natural fall caused by the increasing altitude. This perhaps will give some slight idea of the weather on the summit—the wind blew pitilessly, and the cold was intensely penetrating. It was utterly out of the question to make any stay at the cairn; a halt of ten minutes there would have chilled away the whole natural caloric of our bodies. It need scarcely be said that there was no view; nothing could be seen save the cairn.

The fury of the weather left only one practicable route for the descent, for the blast could not be faced, tearing up as it did the icy crust of the snow and driving it in angular pellets against our faces. Turning our backs, therefore, to the wind, we made for the Garbh Allt, as the upper part of the Nethy is called—a rather ticklish route in winter. The slope of Cairngorm towards the Garbh Allt is steep, and, with hard snow, is impracticable without an ice-axe. With the snow soft, however, the descent was safe enough for experienced hillmen. Yet extreme caution

had to be used for the first seven hundred and fifty feet or so of the descent, as a very slight divergence in the mist might have been attended with serious consequences. By straying too far to the left, the terrible precipice known as the Eagle's Cliff would be encountered; while on the right there are the almost equally dangerous rocks that overlook 'the Saddle.' The descent, in Indian file, was necessarily somewhat tedious, frequently up to the knees in soft snow. 'The Marquis's Well' on the summit was of course not visible, and even that great mass of rock known as 'Margaret's Coffin' was passed unobserved. Ben Bynac is separated from Cairngorm by the Garbh Allt, and the deep gorge between these two mountains was the first natural feature recognisable. Then the sun struggled with the mist, giving us peeps of the summit of Beinn Mheadhoin, a huge mass, three thousand eight hundred and eighty-three feet in height, on the right bank of Loch Avon.

Now that our *mauvais quart d'heure* was over, we could feel grateful and indulge in a little conversation. We then held to the right for 'the Saddle,' where a short halt was made, the better to enjoy one of the grandest views among the Cairngorms—the great hollow that holds Loch Avon. The loch was covered with ice, except opposite the point where a burn, rising on the Loch Etchachan plateau, joins it on the right near the top. Loch Avon lies at a height of about two thousand four hundred feet, and is one of the most secluded sheets of water in Scotland. Far from all human habitation, it is girt about on three sides with giant mountains that, 'dark sentinels of the waste,' rise from its lonely shores. On the left is Cairngorm itself; on the right, Beinn Mheadhoin; and at the upper end is Ben Muich Dhui, the monarch of the range. The mountain-born torrents that feed it were all ice-bound and snow-covered and silent as the very grave. The universal stillness was a marked contrast to the storm raging above, and to the fierce tempests, that often, even in summer, tear through this gigantic gorge. Yet even here life appeared possible, for a mountain hare scudded before us on 'the Saddle,' and not a few ptarmigan winged their flight lazily along.

The heaviest part of the day's work had now to be faced—a toilsome walk round the head of the loch, and the steep ascent, in very soft snow, from the Shelter Stone to the Loch Etchachan plateau. A mile and a half an hour had latterly been counted good progress; now we could not manage more than a mile in the hour. An attempt was made to cross Loch Avon on the ice, and so save a considerable detour; but it was not sufficiently firm. The ice even on the Garbh Uisge (Rough Water, appropriately named), which enters the loch at the upper end, would not bear, so that burn had to be crossed about half a mile up by the aid of a wreath which sufficed as a bridge. This landed us near the Shelter Stone, through a wilderness of boulders and mountain-chips known in Gaelic as 'the Dairymaid's Field.' He must have been a Celt of peculiar humour who first applied the name. As the Shelter Stone was approached, a flock of nine ptarmigan quietly walked ahead of us at a distance of about half-a-dozen yards! The interior, if one may use the expression, of the

Stone was mostly filled up with snow. We par-took of a little lunch inside, a stay of a quarter of an hour being sufficient in the circumstances. The ascent to Loch Etchachan was commenced at 2.45; and as it is at an altitude of about seven hundred feet higher than Loch Avon, it was found covered with bearing ice. The loch was almost indistinguishable from the plateau, the thick ice being roughly covered with snow. Here we were again in the storm; but fortunately it blew down Corrie Etchachan, which accordingly we took at a run, and so entered the well-known Glen Derry.

Oh weary, weary Glen Derry! How many tired and ready-to-faint young mountaineers have cursed you bitterly in their hearts, and vowed to avoid you in the future! Familiar as was the ground, the falling darkness and the treacherous snow kept every sense on the *qui-vive* for nearly two hours, as we carefully picked our way to Derry Lodge. The Lodge was a welcome sight, and a cup of tea from the 'guidwife' was much appreciated. After a halt of an hour, we resumed our walk to Castletown of Braemar. We had now a carriage road; but the first part of it was a good deal blocked up with snow. Our destination was reached in good form at 9.45 p.m.—thirteen hours after leaving Glen More.

Such winter ascents have a peculiar piquancy, and, perhaps not altogether without some little danger, offer great inducements to trained mountaineers, especially to those with some knowledge of the Swiss Alps. Only those who can thoroughly enjoy a long and severe tussle with the elements need, however, attempt these excursions; in a word, one must be in the best of health, and, moreover, some of the party must have an intimate knowledge of the ground to be traversed. Under any other circumstances, disaster would certainly be the result; but, with sound mind and sound body, a winter ascent of a mountain such as Cairngorm is the very pink of Scottish mountaineering.

A BOYCOTTED BABY.

CHAPTER V.—JEM'S WIFE AGAIN—HER LAST APPEARANCE.

THE agony of this suspense was wearing him out, and Matthew Bulbous felt, next morning, as if another twenty-four hours of it would drive him mad—unless, in self-preservation, he rushed off to the nearest police station and gave himself up in anticipation of the action of the law.

The house was intolerable, and he could not bear the disgrace of being arrested in the presence of all his clerks. So he made away from London by way of Victoria Station, unconsciously leaving the train when it stopped at Penge; and giving up his ticket at the gate, crossed the wooden bridge over the line, which he remembered crossing on the day of the funeral of his son's wife—Christmas Day. It seemed so long ago now.

Matthew Bulbous walked slowly down the street of Penge, heedless of pelting sleet and of the fact that he was without an umbrella. His head was bent in abstraction; but his feet, unconsciously, were bringing him step by step

towards the house in Croydon Road where, with most unchristian feeling, he had seen the hearse waiting for the dead woman. If it had to be done over again, he knew now how he would do it. Condone that marriage he could not, nor forgive his son for the act of defiance. But he recognised the hand of the good-fortune which had always attended his undertakings in the event which had first put an end to the matrimonial scheme between Lord Polonius and himself. Had he only recognised it at the time, he would never have suffered himself to fall into the Earl's hands again. He would have left things as they were. The baby would probably have died in any case, and he should be free of this terrible burden which crushed him now.

Then he went on to speculate as to what was probably at that very moment going on at the inquest. From this he proceeded further to speculate on the sentence he should be likely to receive—the ruin and shame he realised sufficiently well. It would be imprisonment with hard labour; for a year, or two years; or perhaps penal servitude for a longer term. And then? It was the coming to life again, rather than the imprisonment, which he dreaded most; and it is very likely that it would have been a relief to him to be assured, as he walked drenched and insensible to wet and cold down the dull suburban street, that he should be shut away from the world for ten or twenty years. What would not ten or twenty years wipe out? He might reappear in the world, at the end of that period, forgotten, and therefore less ashamed. But to come back soon—while the thing was still fresh in all men's minds—would, he knew, be the worst part of his punishment—a calamity that would be killing to a man of his unresting energy, who could not sit still and corrode in inactive obscurity.

At the bottom of the main street of Penge village there is a police station, at a corner where Croydon Road crosses at right angles. Matthew Bulbous stepped quickly off the pavement in front of the station, stooping his head against the driving and blinding sleet, in order to cross to the other side. He had gone but three paces when a shout from the door of the police station paralysed him, and heavy feet leaped down the stone steps and followed him. As the policeman's grasp was on his shoulder he turned his white face to his captor—was struck in the head and chest with tremendous force, and flung back senseless on the pavement.

For weeks after this occurrence, Matthew Bulbous was knocked out of the world more completely than he had been gloomily anticipating just before it happened, and by a much more summary process. The world he was shot into proved to be a strange and bewildering one, and held masterful grip of his raving fancies. It was a kind of world manifest enough, from his hallucinations, to those about him; but much of it was wholly incomprehensible, and almost all of it very dreadful.

How many times he was pilloried in the dock for that crime of folly, it would be impossible to say. The wretched man was being for ever put on his trial, with not a word of defence to

utter. Mr Clove sat by, silent and powerless; the loathsome Griffon, smelling of gin, with vile moisture glistening on the bristles round her mouth, supported him on one side; the doctor, on the other; and now and again he caught sight of the distressful, pitying faces of his wife and daughter, and tried to avoid them. But when he beheld Lord Polonius on the bench beside the judge, his rage was fearful; they had to hold him down on the bed; until, behind the justice-seat, appeared the face against which he had no power to hold up his head—and then he always collapsed, moaning and burying himself in the pillows. How vividly he remembered her warning on Christmas eve: 'According as you are kind and just to it, I will be merciful to you!' He had murdered it, he and those two vile confederates on each side of him; and seeing the dead mother behind the judge, with her white face and dark eyes fixed upon him, he knew that he had no mercy to hope for.

When the dreadful trial was over, and sentence passed, the worst punishment came, because, instead of the merciful seclusion of the prison, he was condemned to undergo his degradation before all the world. His wife and daughter beheld him, linked to his detested fellow-malefactors the Griffon and the doctor; all the clerks from his office came daily during luncheon hour to stare at him; business friends stood afar off, contemplating his condition with pity; ragged women jeered and hooted him; and Lord Polonius drove round daily in a slashing tandem in order to turn his head away with lofty abhorrence.

Matthew Bulbous possessed an iron constitution or he could not have survived all this—half of it would have killed an ordinary man. It was in the early twilight, one wintry afternoon, that he came back to the world once more. The amazed effort to realise where he was, or what had happened to him, was of course a failure. It was some dim but wondering reassurance to him presently to see his wife by the bedside, signing to him to be still, and gazing in his face with the unselfish devotion of a loving heart. Then a doctor came, examined his pulse and temperature, and silently disappeared again; and as, opening his eyes after a few minutes, he found himself alone and the room was darkening, there was nothing for it but to go to sleep, with some vague hope that when he awoke again he might be able to understand something.

When he opened his eyes next the room was very silent, and a shaded light stood on a table in a distant corner. Not being able to call, he tried to think. The effort proved in vain, for he could get no farther than an overshadowing fear that something very dreadful—the very worst, perhaps—had happened, and that he was only going to realise it now. It was painfully perplexing. Could a room like this belong to a prison hospital? Hardly—and he recollected having seen his wife. Convicts are not usually allowed to be nursed by their wives. Perhaps he had got off, by some trick of Clove his solicitor, and they had taken him away from the scene of his disgrace. Perhaps—worst of all, and the fear of it made him wish he had died rather—his trial had yet to come off.

Presently his wife came in and kissed him.

She had not for many years been wont to venture on that act of affection. Then some one came to the other side of the bed and also kissed him—this was his daughter Agnes. In the sudden fullness of heart brought on by this demonstration of pure and ill-merited affection, tears welled from the broken man's eyes, and he struggled to say: 'Mary—Agnes—I don't care now what I have lost—or what has happened—if you stay with me!'

'Dear, dear, we will always stay with you. You have lost nothing; you have been wandering in your illness.'

'Am I—at home?'

'No, dear; you soon shall be, when you get strong. Now sleep again; we will stay with you.'

'Yes, yes, stay; but I cannot sleep now. Tell me everything.'

'No, Matthew. To-morrow you will be stronger. You must not talk or think to-night.'

'Very well!' he said with a sigh; 'but I can't help trying to think.'

He dreaded to put that question which was uppermost in his anxious thoughts—whether he was still awaiting his trial. Trying to think, however, was of no avail, and at length he slept. Exhausted nature had much lost ground to make up before the balance was even again, and he did not wake until ten next morning.

A bright gleam of sunshine rested on the side of the window, and was the first thing he saw. In a while the doctor came, looking cheerful, and pronounced him to have safely landed on that happy shore where the patient has only to get well as fast as he can. Matthew Bulbous took all the nourishment they gave him, and enjoyed it; and then he learned, to his great wonder, where he was, and the nature of the accident that had befallen him. Simultaneously with the warning shout from the door of the police station—which was the last thing he remembered—a runaway horse and trap dashed round the corner and struck him senseless. Searching his pockets, the police found his card, and recollecting that some person of the same name lived a short way up the Croydon Road, they made inquiries. This was how it came to pass that Matthew Bulbous was nursed through his illness in his son's house; though it puzzled him greatly to imagine why James Bulbous should be keeping the house on, his wife and child being dead, and he himself having gone abroad after the wife's death.

When the doctor went away, Matthew began to question his wife. All about the accident she knew and told him; but when he tried to approach the dread subject of the death of the baby, cautiously feeling his way, as fearing what might have to be told him, Mrs Bulbous grew puzzled and distressed, for she apprehended that he was again relapsing into that delirium which had been so terrible to witness.

'Dear Matthew,' she suddenly said, 'would you like to speak to Jem?'

'Ay,' he answered, drawing a deep breath. 'Is he here? Very well; send him to me.'

The interview would have to come sooner or later, and he might as well get it over. Matthew Bulbous was not now his old self—of rock-like strength and inflexibility of character, but a

broken-down man—broken down first by misfortune and next by sickness. His son might be as stern as he liked with him; he was at his mercy now.

James Bulbous, however, did not look stern when he came to the bedside and took his father's hand. 'I am glad to see you better, father.'

'Well, Jem?'

The son regarded him a moment attentively, still holding the weak hand.

'Jem!' said Matthew Bulbous, gathering all his strength, 'if you will listen to me—patiently and forgivingly—while I confess how I have wronged and injured you'—

'Father, you need not go into all that,' said his son quietly.

'I must, Jem—I must! I have been a fool. I have ruined myself, and disgraced you all by my folly. Oh, Jem, Jem!' he exclaimed with all his soul, 'I wish it were all undone, and that I had the chance again of taking another course. I won't say I could approve your marriage to that—to your wife; but it doesn't become any one to be hard on what he thinks another's folly; and I might, when she was dead, have had more Christian feelings. It was all done for sake of—Jem!' he exclaimed, gaining sudden strength from the thought of Lord Polonius, 'upon my soul! I would rather see you married this day to an even worse case than to that old villain's daughter.'

This burst of feeling did him good. The son waited for him to cool before he spoke again.

'Did you ever see my wife, father?'

'See her? Why, of course— Well, no; I can't say I did, Jem; but let her be. Joe told me all about her. Never mind, now. Tell me what has happened—about the—the baby,' he said, shutting his eyes. 'You will never forgive me that, Jem. Oh! I have been so unnatural! If I could only get your full forgiveness, Jem—and have satisfaction out of that wily old thief—I think I could die in peace.'

'I have something to tell you about him presently, father. But about my wife and baby'—

'Jem, Jem, Jem—spare me! If you knew how I have suffered—how your wife has haunted me'—

'But you have never seen her, father; how could she haunt you?'

'It wasn't the real one; but all the same, Jem, she has haunted me—about that baby.'

The perspiration was on his face; there was real suffering there.

'Poor father!' said James Bulbous, 'you have been under a terrible delusion. Before I tell you what has happened, will you promise to nurse no ill-feeling against others on account of it?—to let by-gones be by-gones?'

Matthew reflected. This was a serious proposition. But he was in a weak state of mind and body propitious to virtuous impulses, and after a while he answered: 'Very well, Jem; I promise—always excepting Lord Polonius!'

'We will leave out his lordship, then,' said the young man, smiling. 'And now, father, I will tell you how it was.'

James Bulbous related the story of his wife and child. Matthew was simply stupefied. The whole thing had been a malicious scheme of

Joseph Bulbous, intended to punish his masterful brother, and humble his pride by administering to him the biggest fright it was possible to give him. Joseph knew his man to the bone, as no other living person knew him, and the autocratic and self-sufficing brother had played into his hands with stupendous blindness. It was difficult to realise it.

'Joseph deceived you, father. He deceived me also. Why, father,' said the young man gravely, 'if you had only made inquiry of me even once—if you had only allowed me to speak that day you saw me at my chambers—if you had not implicitly put yourself in Joseph's hands as you did—all this could not have happened.'

'Then, your wife—your child'—Matthew commenced, fearfully.

They were both alive and well. Joseph, after leaving England—provided with the money intended for James Bulbous's continental trip—addressed a letter to his nephew recounting the whole plot. At the same time he despatched the telegram to his brother as a parting shot. The unfortunate child belonged to some one else—for it was a plot between Joseph and the woman Griffon, which paid the latter sufficiently well. The infant would have died in any case, in the course of nature—or business.

'So Joe is gone, then?' said Matthew regretfully. 'I gave him four hundred pounds for you.'

'He is half-way to New Zealand now.—I know, father,' the young man added, penitently, 'I ought not to have been so stiff-necked. I ought to have written to you and explained. But my pride prompted me to work and be independent. I am sorrier now than I can tell you.'

There was no deception here; his son's face was too honest. The Griffon and all the rest of that horror passed away like a nightmare—hideous, and as yet hardly comprehensible—and the relief was indeed deep beyond fathoming. What a terribly realistic actor Joseph had been through all the horrible business! And what a terribly realistic fool Matthew had been himself! But Joseph knew him to the bone, and the conviction of this fact covered Matthew with humiliation, which it is to be hoped did him good.

The fear of ruin and disgrace was gone now; and what remained? The wife and baby! These dread images were still in his mind, and he had been doing his best for the last few minutes to think of them with grateful resignation. But for all he could do, while thanking Heaven with one half of his heart that they were alive, the other half sank with the thought of them living and his wife and daughter in the same house with them. It was more than melancholy. The woman might reform; he was doubtful, very doubtful as to this—but the taint would cling to her for life—and he recoiled from the thought of her coming in contact with his own wife and daughter, whose value to him now was beyond all riches. And then the baby!—such things, as though in mockery of human vanity and pride, were terribly tenacious of life, and, as Mrs Griffon had pointed out, endowed with marvellous powers of endurance and survival.

The son did not understand the grief which he saw deepening in his father's face. Presently

he fancied he discovered its cause, and laughed quietly.

'Don't laugh at me, Jem; I'll bear it as best I can; but for the Lord's sake don't laugh at me!'

There was a soft rustle at the door, and James Bulbous made a sign to some person there.

'Father, my wife and baby,' he said gently.

Matthew shivered, and turned his pale face round to see. 'What is this?' he cried, starting up.

'My wife and child, father. Gertrude has been nursing you, as well as mother and Agnes.'

As he spoke, he quietly slipped from the room and left them together.

That pretty blushing face—how well Matthew Bulbous knew it!—the face that had been with him on Christmas eve, and had been haunting him since! Richly indeed did the pleasant look of Jem's wife this morning—and of her bright-eyed baby—repay him for what he had suffered. He drew them both to his breast and held them there, tenderly, thanking God for a mercy he had done so little to deserve.

That was a profoundly happy hour that followed, with Jem's wife sitting on the bedside and Jem's baby climbing over him. No person interrupted them; they were left quite alone, and it is hardly too much to say that under this new influence Matthew Bulbous unconsciously floated into a life he had never known before.

He was soon back at Blackheath with his family. The last stimulus to his recovery came from the information that Lord Polonius had gone into the City with his money and had there come to ignominious grief, finishing his financial career in the Bankruptcy Court. Matthew Bulbous was profoundly pleased; but still, he could not help a feeling of pity for Lady Jessalinda. Her father had been a blight upon her. Should it ever come in Matthew's way to do the poor lady a friendly turn in the way of business, he will probably be tempted to do it, provided it is absolutely certain that Lord Polonius reaps no benefit thereby.

Matthew read with deep and peculiar interest the report of the trial of Mrs Griffon and her accomplice the doctor, and the painful revelations which were made. It still made him turn cold to imagine what might have been.

He has abandoned the idea of entering Parliament, and is taking steps to sell Kirby St George. To the general world he is still the same man he always has been; but his eyes have been opened to one or two important facts. He knows the value of his domestic ties now, and the pleasure of coming home in the evening. After dinner, instead of shutting himself up in his study, as he used to do, he now sits by the drawing-room fire with pretty Mrs Jem (and the baby) always near to him. Agnes is to be married to the curate very soon. Jem, who has been called to the bar, works as hard as though his living depended on it; and his father has privately assured the young man's mother that one day Jem will be Lord Chancellor of England.

'Gertrude,' said Matthew one night to his pretty daughter-in-law as the fact struck him for the first time, 'for whom are you in mourning?'

She looked up with innocent surprise—not having the least knowledge of the fraud that had

been played on Mr Bulbous—and replied: 'For a little sister of mine, who died at Christmas.'

'Ah—of course, my dear,' he said with a slight start. 'Now I remember. That illness has played the mischief with my memory.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IN a very interesting lecture on Art Metal-work, delivered recently at the South Kensington Museum by Professor Roberts-Austen, F.R.S., attention was called to the addition of lead to the other constituents of bronze (copper and tin) for the purpose of conferring upon the metal that beautiful velvety appearance known as 'patina,' which was induced by the after-effect of atmospheric exposure. The lecturer pointed out that it was quite hopeless to look for this effect upon any bronze-work exposed to such an atmosphere as that of London, and as an example referred to the recently-erected bronze equestrian statue of Lord Napier. Here there was no trace of that brown oxide, or rich green and blue carbonate, which was so valued by artists; but instead, there was gathering over the figure a black pall of soot and sulphide of copper, such as already enshrouded most of the London statues. The lecturer stated that modern workers made little use of the fine alloys which the metallurgist had placed at their command; but one British sculptor, Mr Alfred Gilbert, who was doing splendid work, made use of these alloys, and in his direction must we look for advance.

The adhesion of a limpet to its native rock has always been ascribed to atmospheric pressure, and, as every schoolboy knows, the action can be very well imitated with a disc of wet leather and a yard of string. But the limpet has recently been made the subject of certain tests, the results of which would seem to imply that it exerts a power far greater than pressure of the atmosphere would confer upon it. The experiments were made by Mr P. A. Aubin of Jersey, and are detailed in a letter by that gentleman to *Nature*. A delicate spring balance was fastened to the limpet shell, and a pull exerted upon it until the little creature was detached.

Some uneasiness may probably arise from the statement made by Professor Boys with regard to the explosive nature of certain buttons on a lady's dress, which appear to have become rapidly ignited when she stood near the fire. Many buttons and other fancy articles, even billiard balls and piano keys, are now made of celluloid, or artificial ivory, and although this substance is inflammable, it will certainly not ignite unless a flame be actually brought into contact with it. The explosive buttons were evidently composed of some substance of a different composition altogether, and may possibly have been the result of some crude experiment. True celluloid, under various names, has now been manufactured for about forty years, and if it had been dangerous to use or store, the world would have long ago been made acquainted with the fact.

A curious story was related at a recent meeting of the San Francisco Microscopical Society concerning an animal concretion which had been presented to that body. This specimen, which

had been removed from the kidney of a cow, was of the size of a large walnut, and had a peculiar lustrous golden appearance, due, like that of mother-of-pearl, to laminated structure. But the notion had got abroad that this foreign body was largely composed of gold-dust, which the animal had taken in with its food. Interest now therefore centred upon a particular hill, where the animal had been pastured, and which came to be regarded as probably teeming with gold; nor did the excitement subside until an acre of the ground had been sold for about fifty times its original price. These 'biliary calculi,' as they are called, are not unfrequently found in the liver and other organs of animals, and in ancient times were valued as a drug, and were administered powdered in wine, as a sure preventive against 'calculi' in man.

A terrible new form of advertising is foreshadowed in a patent which has recently been applied for. The idea is to throw words and other devices upon the clouds by means of a kind of magic-lantern search-light apparatus. Happily, there are very few occasions when the meteorological conditions would render such an exhibition possible, for clouds must be of a certain density and have a very definite surface in order to make the experiment successful. Rainy nights as well as cloudless nights would give no opportunity of exhibiting, and the enterprise would also be stopped by fogs. We may therefore feel comforted by the assurance that not just yet will any one be able to turn our skies into hoardings for his advertisements.

Chloride of ethyl has lately been well spoken of by certain continental doctors as a good substitute for ether as a local anæsthetic. When ether is used it is sprayed on to the part to be rendered insensitive to pain, and the evaporation induces such a reduction of temperature that the part is actually frozen. With the chloride of ethyl, which is a colourless liquid with a pleasant odour, the same result is brought about without any special apparatus. It is sealed in small glass tubes having at one end a very fine point; and when this point is broken off and the orifice directed to the part to be anæsthetised, a fine stream of liquid is driven out by the heat of the hand which holds the tube. The method is said to be extremely useful in tooth extraction and similar minor operations.

The good people who live in the vicinity of Cape North, the headland which is a noticeable feature of the eastern entry to the Gulf of St Lawrence, have recently met with a windfall in the shape of thousands of seals. These creatures have not been known to visit this locality for the past eighty years, and it is supposed that their coming now is involuntary. It is believed that, owing to the mild weather, huge ice-blocks have broken away on the coasts of Greenland, and that the seals have drifted with them to this place. All other occupations have been given up for the profitable business of seal-hunting, and great catches have been made.

The works and buildings for the forthcoming Exhibition at Kimberley are now in active progress, and it is believed that this will be the most important enterprise of the kind which has ever been projected in Cape Colony. The Government are supporting the scheme, and have arranged with

the railway departments to carry all goods intended for the Exhibition to and from Kimberley free of charge. They have also decided that the Exhibition shall take the position of a bonded warehouse, so that no duty will be payable on unsold goods. Full particulars relating to this enterprise will be found in an interesting paper which was brought before the Society of Arts, London, by Mr Lewis Atkinson, and subsequently published in their *Journal*.

In the paper just referred to, Mr Atkinson, in noting a statement attributed to Lord Randolph Churchill to the effect that he could find no other motive for the diamond industry than woman's vanity and its gratification, affirms that diamonds have been of far wider benefit to the Colony than most persons are aware. This industry, he asserts, has helped civilisation, brought capital to the country, developed the railway system, and, better than all, has attracted new blood and fresh life from every part of the world. There are four principal diamond mines; and since the year 1883 accurate official returns of the exact weight and value of the diamonds produced in the several mines have been compiled. It is known that, notwithstanding the severe punishment inflicted in case of detection, many diamonds are hidden by the workers, and never reach their lawful owners. The total value of the diamonds produced in the Griqualand West Mines since their discovery to the present time reaches the enormous sum of fifty-seven million sterling! The value of the diamonds exported last year was considerably more than four million sterling.

The New York legislature, following the laudable example of certain European States, have under consideration an Act to prohibit public exhibition of hypnotic experiments, and to prohibit hypnotic treatment by any one except duly licensed physicians.

In view of the more general adoption of the one-pound note in this country, Sir Henry Bessemer has made a suggestion. He proposes that instead of a note engraved on paper of the usual kind, which has several disadvantages in that it is readily destroyed, can be easily counterfeited, is a medium for the transmission of dirt—possibly disease, think some—&c., the new note should be made of aluminium. This metal is not much heavier bulk for bulk than paper, will not tarnish, and by suitable alloys can be made hard enough to resist ordinary wear and tear. The proposed note would indeed take the form of a coin or token, of little intrinsic worth, but fully answering the required purpose. We fancy that the chief difficulty in adopting the suggestion will lie in providing safeguards against forgery. The exact reproduction of the most elaborately engraved design on metal is a matter about which there is no difficulty whatever, and a process which is carried out daily by electrotypers in every town in the kingdom. Nor can the Government obtain the monopoly of any particular kind of metal, as they can of paper of special make, as in the case of the present bank-notes.

A paper was recently contributed to the Bombay Natural History Society by Mr Inverarity, entitled 'The Mammalia of Somaliland.' The author of this paper, who by profession is a barrister, could speak of personal acquaintance with

his subject, for last year he went on a shooting expedition to the district named. Like every other animal, he tells us, the lion will endeavour to avoid man until wounded. It is only in exceptional cases that they will charge when tracked, and then they come on at great speed close to the ground, and certainly not bounding in the air, as they are commonly represented in pictures. On one occasion Mr Inverarity was seized by a lioness, who luckily expended her fury on his gun instead of on himself. As an instance of her terrible strength, he says that although the jaw of the beast was broken, she scored deep grooves in the barrels of his rifle with her teeth.

A correspondence has lately been published in the *Kew Bulletin* relative to instruction in horticulture. A well-known authority there expresses his opinion that the cultivation of plants is an art that can only be acquired by practice, and that it cannot be taught in the lecture-room. There is no royal road to it: the learner must begin at the bottom and go through every operation from the most elementary to the most difficult and refined. The mere reading of books and attendance at lectures is of little use.

According to a medical authority, the reports concerning ether-drinking in Ireland are much exaggerated, and instead of the whole north of the country being affected, the vice is confined to half-a-dozen small towns. It is said that the practice of ether-drinking originated in the time of cholera, more than forty years ago, when a quack doctor sold drams of ether as a preventive against the disease. Finding the intoxicant a pleasant one, the people continued its use after all need or excuse for it had disappeared. The same degraded habit of ether-drinking has, says a German medical paper, spread to such an extent in Russia, that the Government have forbidden its sale except under the same restrictions which affect the sale of powerful poisons.

An alarming statement was made recently by one of the witnesses called before the Labour Commission with reference to the packing of chlorinated lime, or bleaching powder. The gas given off by this compound when freshly prepared is so deleterious in its action on the face and lungs, that the workmen wear a kind of muzzle, which envelops the mouth and nostrils, but which leaves the eyes just visible. The wearers, as a further precaution against the action of chlorine, soak their nostrils and eyelashes with oil, besides taking other precautions, which indicate that the occupation as at present carried on must be one of the most harmful and disgusting which it is possible to conceive. Employers in such trades should be compelled to furnish their workmen with artificial breathing apparatus, such as has been proved to be efficient in the exploration of mines full of choke-damp, and in other situations where an irrespirable atmosphere is present.

It is reported that an archaeological discovery of an extraordinary kind has been made at Helsingfors, in Finland. This consists of a huge chest with iron fastenings, which on being opened was found to contain a roll of parchment, and several pieces of ancient ironwork curiously fashioned. The roll of parchment is said to date from the twelfth century, and to contain a com-

plete and detailed treatise on steam as a means of power, and its applications; while the ironwork is a rudimentary steam-engine with cylinder, piston-rod, &c. The work is presumed to be that of a Gallican monk. This discovery, if true, will set aside the claims of our countrymen Savory, Newcomen, and Watt, to be the originators of the machine which has wrought such changes in the world. On the other hand, it may turn out to be a cleverly-concocted hoax.

Messrs Ransome of Chelsea, the well-known makers of wood-working machines, have just constructed the largest band-saw machine which has ever been made. The saw itself is an endless ribbon fifty-four feet in length, and eight inches wide, which travels at the rate of seven thousand feet per second over wheels or pulleys, which are no less than eight feet in diameter. The entire height of the machine is twenty feet, and it weighs as many tons. The saw has been made for a company in New Zealand, where the timber—mainly blue gum-trees—grows to an enormous size, and can only be dealt with by exceptional appliances.

Many references have recently been made to the statement that sea-water contains a certain proportion of gold, and the assertion has been made that the quantity of the metal present amounts to as much as one grain per ton of water. Now it stands to reason that as sea-water covers about four-fifths of the earth's surface, and can be had in any quantity for nothing, any one who could invent a process for catching up and turning this gold to the metallic state would quickly reap a large fortune. Such machines, for abstracting both silver and gold from sea-water have, we understand, been patented. But the proportion of gold in the liquid is certainly very much less than the amount stated, perhaps too small to be estimated by the means at present available. There is a wide difference between a qualitative and a quantitative analysis.

A writer in the *Times* asserts that after a sharp frost in the middle of March last a dabchick, or little grebe, was found caught by her foot in the ice at St James's Park, London, and that six or seven couples of these birds breed regularly in this Park year after year, coming generally at the end of March, and disappearing in October. He also calls attention to the fact that wood-pigeons, which until recent years were somewhat rare, can now be found in dozens in all the London Parks.

Many of our readers will be interested in hearing that the various curling clubs in New York and its vicinity have for want of sufficient accommodation banded themselves together, and have built a large hall where indoor curling can be carried on all through the winter. The floor of this curling-hall measures one hundred and fifty by one hundred feet, and is made of narrow strips of yellow pine one inch in thickness; the whole being raised four feet from the ground. There are trapdoors below each window round the sides of the hall, through which the outer cold is admitted when it is required to freeze the water which is sprayed over the floor. This spraying is constantly renewed, so that when the end of the winter approaches, the layer of ice is from two to three inches thick. The circles at each end of the rink are painted black on the

bare floor, and can easily be seen through the transparent layer of ice. An illustrated description of this novel curling hall is published in the *Scientific American* for February 27th.

The sunflower in Russia has something more than an æsthetic value; indeed, its cultivation represents a very important industry. According to a Report by the United States Consul-general, its cultivation was begun in the year 1842, for the purpose of obtaining oil from the seed. There are two kinds of sunflowers cultivated—one having small seeds, used for the production of oil; and the other with larger seeds, which are consumed by the people in great quantities as a delicacy. After the oil is extracted, the residue, in the form of cakes, finds a ready sale as food for cattle, not so much in Russia as in Germany and Britain. The refuse of the flowers with their shells is used as fuel, and the seed-cups are used as food for sheep. For the purpose of oil-making, the seeds, after being thoroughly cleansed, are passed beneath mill-stones to free them from their shells. Pressure is next applied, and the resulting compact mass is passed into vessels heated by steam. The paste is next enclosed in bags made of camel-hair, and again pressed to extract the oil, which runs into tanks. This oil, if made with proper care, is said to equal the best olive oil in colour, flavour, and taste.

It is a curious fact, says a writer in the *Mediterranean Naturalist*, that different birds have a preference for certain trees; and still more curious is it that the circumstance seems to have attracted little notice on the part of naturalists. The oak-tree harbours jays and rooks; finches prefer lime-trees; while black-caps are found chiefly among the laurels. The thrush has a preference for the birch and the ash; the beech is the carpenter's shop of the woodpecker; while the sweet nightingale sings in the nut-groves.

OF OLD LICENSES.

IN 1603, King James I. was thus apostrophised in the Poor Man's Petition: 'Good king, cut off their paltry licenses and all monopolies! Fie upon close biting knaveries!' It was a wasted prayer. Oppressive as the grievance had grown to be, the practice of granting royal licenses conferring exclusive manufacturing and trading privileges to individuals, either out of court-favouritism, as a reward for services rendered to the Crown, or in return for a monetary consideration, was too convenient and profitable to the royal grantors to be readily abandoned out of regard for the general good. We do not purpose, however, to dilate upon the mischief caused by the ordinary run of such abuses of the royal prerogative, but simply to note some of the more curious and interesting examples of the licensing system in vogue in old days.

Says Glapthorne in his play *Wit in a Constable*: 'The Dutch younker took her up into a what do you call it—a sedan.' The word, like the thing, was then new to town's-folk, the sedan having just been introduced into London streets by Sir Sanders Duncombe, under a license he obtained in 1634, giving him the sole privilege of using, putting forth, and letting on hire, in

London and Westminster and their suburbs, certain covered carriages, the like whereof being used in foreign countries, prevented the unnecessary use of coaches, with the multitude of which the streets were so pestered and encumbered, that many of His Majesty's subjects were exposed to much peril and danger; and the use of carts and carriages for the provisions of the two cities much hindered. Duncombe provided some fifty specimens of the sedan for the use of the public, who took quickly and kindly to the novel conveyances; although, when the Duke of Buckingham, a few years before, imported one for his own personal convenience, he was subjected to hearty vituperation for making beasts of burden of his fellow-creatures.

In 1671, Prince Rupert obtained the exclusive right of using an invention for converting into steel all sorts of iron wire, and all manner of edged tools, files, and other instruments forged and formed of soft iron; for preparing and softening cast and melted iron so that it might be filed and wrought like wrought iron; and likewise for tincturing copper upon iron in such a manner as seemed meet in his discretion. Supposing the processes Prince Rupert desired to employ were of his own devising, no injustice was entailed in so privileging him for fourteen years.

There was similar justification, too, for Queen Anne securing Robert Pease, of Kingston-on-Hull, against others reaping the fruits of his ingenuity in concocting a soft soap for bleaching linen, which had the additional merit of being eatable; as it may have been good policy to encourage native industry by giving William Corr the sole right of making 'lamb-black, not made before in England, much cheaper and better than any brought from abroad;' and allowing Jane Tasker the monopoly of working her own invention for making flask-cases, and covering flask-glasses with flags, rushes, and straw, in imitation of those brought from Florence.

The pluckiest of modern promoters would flinch at attempting to float a company for whaling on the English coast; but very early in the last century, Arthur Kemp, Robert Corker, and Valentine Ennys, believed they could make a good haul that way. Accordingly, in 1707 they prayed for the royal leave and license to fish and take whales, crampoes, bottle-nosed whales, and other large fish belonging to Her Majesty by virtue of her royal prerogative, on the north and south seas adjoining the counties of Devonshire and Cornwall; Her Majesty to retain the power to cancel the license at the end of two years, if they neglected to carry out their undertaking, or failed to succeed therein. The sanguine three got their license; whether they got their whales and other large fish is not recorded.

In 1706, Robert Aldersey was licensed to construct a floating dam to carry barges, lighters, and other vessels over the greatest flats and shallows of navigable rivers, his dam having received the approbation of several of the most eminent mathematicians. At this period the provision of lighthouses and beacons appears to have been left to private speculators, for in 1711 we find James Everard and his wife Rebecca the recipients of a license which was to endure fifty years—empowering them to newly erect, alter,

maintain, and improve certain lighthouses and beacons upon Hunston Cliff, Norfolk, with lights to be kept continually burning therein in the night season, for the security of seafaring men passing that way. By way of recompense, the Everards were authorised to demand and take eightpence for every twenty chaldrons of coals, and every twenty tons of other goods in and upon all English ships; and one penny per ton of all foreign vessels passing by their lighthouses, and trading to and fro between King's Lynn and Boston.

In 1709 the readers of the *Tatler* were informed that a new sort of light, called a Globe Light, which enlightened the street and all parts near it with a bright steady light, noway offensive to the eyes, was to be seen at St James's Coffee-house, near St James's Palace, where the person who contrived and set it up might be heard of, he having obtained Her Majesty's patent for the same. Probably this was the new kind of light, quite different from any yet used, composed of one entire glass of a globular shape, with a lamp giving a clearer and more certain light, without any dark shadows or anything else confounding to the sight, for which, a year before, Michael Cole of Dublin obtained a license, with the proviso, that the invention must not be used within the city of London until the expiration of the year 1715, to the prejudice of the proprietors of the public lights then in use, called convex lights. Whether this proviso handicapped the Globe Light too heavily, or whether the patentee expired before the proviso, we do not know, but we can find no further trace of it.

Perhaps the most curious license issued in Queen Anne's reign was the following: 'Anne R.—Whereas we are fully sensible of the fidelity of John Ker, of Kersland, by and of the services he hath performed to us and our Government. We therefore grant him our Royal Leave and License to keep company and associate himself with such as are disaffected towards us and our Government, in such way or manner as he shall judge most for our service.—Given under our Royal Hand at our Castle of Windsor, the 7th of April 1707, and of our reign the sixth year.'

Englishmen were not always free to go beyond the seas when inclination suggested a change of scene or climate. It was only by the favour of the Lord Chamberlain that Bulstrode Whitelocke, in 1634, obtained a license from the Privy Council to go to France, and this when the two countries were at peace. Even in time of war it was not, of course, possible to prevent people travelling in friendly lands from finding their way into France; but those who so ventured found coming home not so easy. William Stonor, Esq., having entered the dominions of the French king without leave from his own sovereign, had to sue for a license permitting him to return and abide in his 'ain cuntries.' Wishing to reside in France, Lady Elizabeth Hatcher received the necessary permission conditionally that she did not pretend to the liberty of coming into any part of Her Majesty's dominions again without first obtaining license to do so under the Privy Seal—on pain of incurring the several penalties the law could inflict. In 1707, a merchant named Collins contracted to supply eight thousand feet

of black marble 'for the rebuilding of St Paul's Cathedral.' He shipped six thousand feet at Dublin in the *Unity* of London, which ship was captured by a French privateer and taken to Havre. As soon as the untoward news reached Collins, he petitioned for permission to go to Havre and repurchase his property. His petition was referred to the Attorney-general, who returned it with the declaration that the voluntary embarking in any vessel to visit a country at war with England was high-treason, unless the parties obtained a royal license. Collins obtained one, authorising him to go to France and fetch a certain quantity of black Irish marble, to be applied towards the rebuilding of St Paul's Cathedral, he giving security that all persons employed by him in the service should return to Great Britain within six months, bringing with them only the marble, and no other goods or merchandise whatsoever.

EVENING.

Dim falls the light o'er all the dreaming woods;
Athwart the distant western sky are gleams
Of gold and amber; pearly rose-edged clouds,
Looking so passing fair, one almost dreams.

The opening gate of Paradise hath lent
Some tinge of glory to the dying day;
And earth-bound souls, with longing, ling'ring gaze,
Would fain rise up and move along that way.

A stillness sweet and solemn all around;
The song of birds is hushed; there falls no quiver
Of rustling leaf, or shaken trembling reed,
Upon the fair faint brightness of the river.

The crescent moon gleams coldly, dimly, forth;
And in the deep'ning blue of heaven, afar,
A tender watcher o'er the troubled world,
Shineth one solitary glitt'ring star.

The shadows deepen on the distant hills;
The highest peaks but touched with ling'ring light;
And down their purpling sides, soft misty clouds
Wrap all the valleys in a dusky night.

And far away the murmur of the sea,
And moonlit waves breaking in foamy line.
So Night—God's Angel, Night—with silvery wings,
Fills all the earth with loveliness divine.

GRAHAM.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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